

The Evening World

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REPORTING PROGRESS.

The movement against the Beef Trust has already produced results. It has succeeded in bringing to light and in establishing by competent testimony facts of great value. We have inside information of the methods and workings of the trust.

An agreement exists for the control of the beef trade. Prices are regulated at the will of the parties to the agreement. No competition is tolerated under any circumstances. Dealers are blacklisted and driven out of business for any refusal to obey the orders of the combine.

On all these points ample testimony has already been gathered, and additional testimony is accessible. They establish beyond doubt the existence of a combination in restraint of trade and in violation of the Anti-Trust law.

A good beginning has been made. Let the good work go on.

Blue Monday.—According to the Kansas City butchers, Monday is the regular day for putting up the price of beef, which is then raised uniformly. Monday is also the customary day for decisions of the Federal and State courts. It should be made a blue Monday for the Beef Trust instead of for the public.

PROTECTING THE WITNESSES.

The widow of James McAuliffe says that her husband was induced to testify against Glennon solely on a promise from District-Attorney Jerome of full protection.

Is there anything incredible in her assertion? Would it be reasonable to expect the unwilling testimony of McAuliffe to have been given without such assurance of protection? Indeed, is it not the fundamental and ordinary duty of every public prosecutor, of every official engaged in the enforcement of law and the establishment of justice, to guarantee to all witnesses the most absolute safety and protection from the criminals against whom they may testify?

How has District-Attorney Jerome met this duty? He did not protect McAuliffe from the clubbing which ended his life, and now that witnesses have been found to testify to the circumstances of his death the District-Attorney assails them with a brutality and violence that has no precedent even in the record of Tammany. His mildest form of brow-beating and intimidation is to say that he "does not know whether he will prosecute them for perjury or not."

With this example of the way in which witnesses who give unwelcome testimony are "protected" by the District-Attorney, what hope is there of effective proceedings against "the system" which it is the mission of the District-Attorney to reform?

An Object of Sympathy.—The father who brought suit for the custody of his child on the ground that the child is compelled to live in "what is known as a New York flat" and is thereby denied access to light and air will have the sympathy of hundreds of thousands who know how it is themselves.

IN VENETIAN DUNGEONS.

American Jack tars abroad usually feel their oats. As representatives of a nation that has long been confident of its ability to lick creation they sometimes assume the swagger that goes with the part, and the presumptuous foreigner rash enough to resent it is apt to have his head punched. Usually the disturbance ends with the penalty inflicted—it is a touch-and-go loose powder explosion. The brawl in a Venetian cafe which has resulted in the sending of an American captain of marines to jail for four months in solitary confinement and put his three companions in quod for terms but little less severe indicates undue rigor of the law in Venice. The punishment is out of proportion to the crime; it is exacting a pound of flesh by way of satisfaction for a skin bruise.

"The dungeons of the Doge are deep," and likewise dark and damp, and the Venetian authorities have been fond of casting obnoxious persons into them. Capt. Wynne and his comrades will soon be released in all probability, but not before they have had an unpleasant taste of prison confinement.

The Wind Record.—Chicago's record of 145.132 miles of wind last year leaves New York hopelessly outclassed. Yet there have been days in the middle month of April when it seemed as if the honors were with us in the matter of unstable atmospheres.

NEW YORK AND THE PORK BILL.

The analysis made by The World this morning of the omnibus Public Building bill voted yesterday by Congress shows what was done and how it was done. An appropriation of \$17,000,000 was jammed through without amendment and without debate. Of this amount \$2,580,000 goes to thirty-nine small towns whose total population is 569,500—an average of \$7.19 for each inhabitant of these favored localities. New York, with its 3,500,000 population and its postal revenue of \$11,000,000, gets nothing except the appointment of a committee to report on a site.

The cramped and insufficient postal accommodations of New York have been for years a disgrace to the department and a detriment to the service. New York is the centre of the whole postal distribution of the country, yet with lavish and wasteful appropriations elsewhere New York is again condemned to wait two years before it can hope for relief.

MUSOLINO'S VISIT.

An enterprising manager is thinking of bringing Musolino, the Italian bandit, over the ocean for an American tour. This, of course, in the event of his acquittal. Musolino is now on trial for murder. The law has been kind to him in previous little entanglements of a similar nature—episodes in a bad man's career made necessary occasionally by stress of circumstances—but the chances are not widely favorable in the present case.

If he comes, the year will be made memorable by the unusual number of distinguished foreigners to whom we have extended our hospitality. But it is not easy to foresee any great popular interest in Musolino. We like our Italian bandits best on the stage in the picturesque trappings of the trade with a melodious tenor voice to help the illusion. Away from the glare of the footlights they are not alluring. The small boy, who presumes the native article and likes the prose version rather than the lyric, finds a surfeit of them in the bunch that Buffalo Bill has rounded up from their haunts in the

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN

VAIN GIRL.
"Is she vain of her looks?"
"Vain? I should say so. She actually says she's as pretty as I am."

ONE CONSOLATION.
"I am writing society for posterity."
"Well, you're one consolation. None of your readers will bother you for autographs."

I REGRET TO REPORT &c.
"John Randolph's last word was 'Remorse.'"
"I suppose Kitchener's last word will be 'Regret.'"

PLENTY OF PRACTICE.
"New Yorkers who go to Switzerland often make the finest mountain climbers."
"No wonder, considering the practice their torn up streets gives them!"

CONCESSION.
"No!" explained the Dakota lady, "we do not score in ping-pong as you do in the East."
"Indeed!" murmured the gentleman from New York, who had just arrived in pursuit of health and happiness, "the court would see it that way."
"No, instead of saying 'thirty-love,' and so on, we say 'thirty-spat-a-limony game!'"

BORROWED JOKES.

NATURAL QUERY.
"I came to see you about my automobile."
"Isn't it all right?"
"Oh, yes. But I thought I'd like to ask you about how many weeks after I had begun to make repairs on it it would begin to move."—Detroit Free Press.

SUFFICIENTLY EQUIPPED.
"My wife speaks several languages," said the young married man proudly.
"That would be a waste of time for Henrietta," answered Mr. Mockton. "She has a faculty of making herself thoroughly understood in English."—Washington Star.

TOO FASTIDIOUS.
"I haven't had a square meal for a week," began the dusty pilgrim.
"Neither have I," burst out the well-dressed man as he started to slam the door. "What do you expect in house-cleaning time?"—Philadelphia Record.

SOMEBODIES.

ARNOLD, HON. CYRUS—who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday, was a prominent figure in the historic Dorr rebellion in Rhode Island.

GEORGE, KING OF GREECE—is a practical farmer, and his chief recreation is to work in the fields as a farm hand.

LUDDEN, BISHOP—of Syracuse is about to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of his consecration to the bishopric. Archbishop Corrigan will officiate at the celebration.

MEWEN, WALTER—the American painter living in Paris, has received one of the two State medals awarded at Vienna by the Austrian Government.

MILLS, D. O.—is about to erect at San Francisco an office building which will be the largest in that city.

TARKINGTON, BOOTH—author of "Deedsure" and "The Gentleman from Indiana," wrote for eight years before he could get anything accepted.

VERNE, JULES—the novelist, though eighty-five years old, writes for four hours each day.

JUST EIGHTEEN.

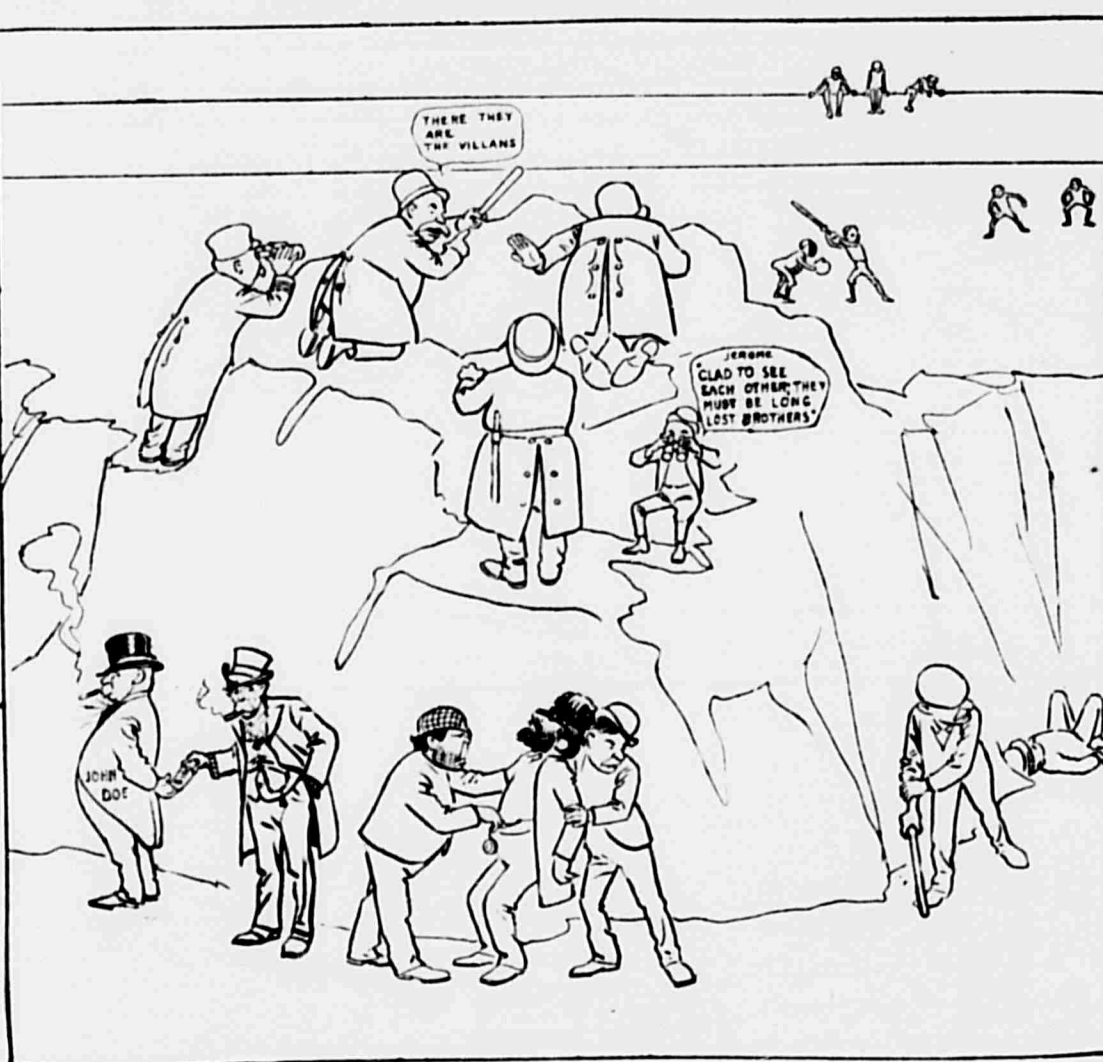
(Written for The Evening World.)
Oh! I take her in my arms,
And she kisses, kisses me,
And I wonder at her charms,
When she kisses, kisses me.
She is innocent and true,
Yet she kisses, kisses me,
And she says "How I love you!"
Then she kisses, kisses me.
Now she's lying on my breast,
As she kisses, kisses me,
And her lips to mine are pressed,
While she kisses, kisses me.
While her little hand I'm pressing,
Still she kisses, kisses me,
And I think her such a blessing,
As she kisses, kisses me.
Now she hugs me very tight,
While she kisses, kisses me,
And she bids a fond good night,
While she kisses, kisses me.
She is eighteen months, my dears,
When she kisses, kisses me,
But I would let months and years
When she kisses, kisses me.
M. P. C. H.

Timely Letters from the People.

People's Chorus, Cooper Union.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
My daughter has great talent for singing, and she is a poor man and cannot afford to give her the necessary musical education. Kindly let me know where she can learn singing free. O. O. H.

The Extra Fare.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I believe it has been optional with the passengers on the Staten Island Electric Railroad whether they transferred at St. George or at the foot of Jersey street, New Brighton, for a Brighton Heights car, until lately, when a new rule was made which compelled passen-

THE FAR-SEEING POLICE.



We never let a bat get past. We never miss a ball.
And the sin-stained malefactors shall be captured one and all.
What matter if McAuliffe's death remains a mystery?
We'll see that not a single boy who plays ball shall go free.

ABOUT THE SIZE OF THEM.



SUCH GOOD FRIENDS.



STRICTLY BUSINESS.



SO-CALLED, ONLY.



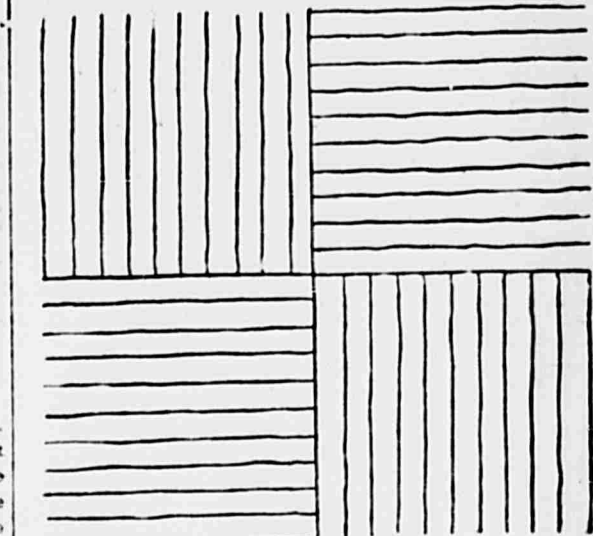
ODDITY CORNER.

CAN YOU DO THIS?



Take a spool, scratch off the labels, lay a silver quarter on one end of it and fasten it there by sticking three pins in the wood in such a way that the quarter can drop forward but can't slip to one side. Then, putting the other end of the spool to your lips, blow. You would naturally suppose it would be easy to blow the quarter from its place on the end of the spool. Try it and see if it is easy.

CHANGE THE SQUARE INTO TWO LINKS.



Extend each of the above unfinished lines in such a direction as to make two interlaced links of a chain. A diagram of the completed lines will appear to-morrow.

These problems are solely for the entertainment of Evening World readers. No prize is connected with their solution.

BUFFALO BILL PUZZLE.



The sections in yesterday's problem, correctly joined, produce the well-known outlines of Buffalo Bill's head.

ANGE-MAY DAY ODE.

If you're waking call me early, call me early,
Mother dear!
For to-morrow is the First of May, the day that most I fear.
The day the van men ply their awful trade from door to door.
And potatoes and cears ain't deuce high to the janitor.
We've got some pretty furniture. To-morrow it will smash.
And merry is the tinkle of the parlor mirror's crash.
The carpet's sure to be too long. The curtains are too short.
And fitting shades will drive me to the Wheelful Park's Retreat.
But call me early just the same. We're moving.
Mother dear.
'Twould be a shame to keep the same old home for more'n a year.
One comfort cheers my sorrows. We've tried most every flat, an
We'll get our rest when we've been through each one in Old Manhattan.
A. P. TERHUNE.

MIRRORS AND LUCK.

Here are a few of the many superstitions attached to that very useful household necessity, the looking-glass.

We all know, of course, for it has come down from hoary antiquity, that terrible calamities await the person who destroys his own image by breaking a looking-glass. Of old it was held that he would shortly "lose his best friend," which, of course, may mean that he will die himself; others held that such an event portended speedy mortality in the family, usually the master.

In India, and Madagascar, and in more civilized countries, too, it is believed that if a man sees his image reflected in a looking-glass in a room in which there is a dead body he will soon die himself, and therefore it is the custom to cover up looking-glasses in such rooms. Some do this in Bombay, and even carry the custom so far as to cover up the looking-glass before going to bed, as do the Zulus and the Basutos. Napoleon did likewise in his life.

It is the height of bad luck to see your face in a looking-glass by candle light. There was a case of "catastrophism" or divination by means of a mirror. "Sometimes they dipped a looking-glass into the water when they desired to know what would become of a sick person, for as he looked well or ill in the glass so they presumed of his future condition."

Mirrors are repulsive to bad spirits, and it was held that they would keep off the evil eye, and it used to be believed that a mirror held before a sleeping man during a thunder or hail storm would cause the storm to cease. In Yorkshire, it is said, that the breaking of a looking-glass entails seven years' trouble but no want, and, indeed, when a looking-glass is broken, it is believed that some one in the house will die before the end of a year from that date.

THE HOODOO.

Of all the music that there be
In this great world of ours,
There is none so clear and sweet to me
As thy dear voice, with all its powers,
To charm all grief and sadness away,
To make life all that is bright and gay.

And then in a soft and minor strain,
To give me that pleasure akin to pain,
And could I have but just one choice,
There's a song that I long to hear,
Could it only be sung by my dear love's voice,
With the words, "I love you dear."
F.—1222.

101-YEAR-OLD POEM.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
The age (101 years) of the enclosed verse may make it of interest to the readers of The Evening World. The original was given to me by an old lady of eighty-six years, who claims it was found among some private papers belonging to her mother. It is so faded as to be almost illegible and bears the first letter of her mother's name—"P"—and the date "1801."

MY MUSIC.
Of all the music that there be
In this great world of ours,
There is none so clear and sweet to me
As thy dear voice, with all its powers,
To charm all grief and sadness away,
To make life all that is bright and gay.
And then in a soft and minor strain,
To give me that pleasure akin to pain,
And could I have but just one choice,
There's a song that I long to hear,
Could it only be sung by my dear love's voice,
With the words, "I love you dear."
F.—1222.

WHERE THEY GO.

There is just now an observable tendency on the part of our foreign population to distribute themselves by nationalities to a certain extent. Two-thirds of the Irish remain in the East. Two-thirds of the Germans go West. Of 1,000,000 Scandinavians 670,000 are in the West and Northwest. The Russians, Poles, Hungarians and Italians are West. The Bohemians and the Bohemians are found in New England, New York and Pennsylvania. The Bohemians and the Bohemians are found in New England, New York and Pennsylvania.

BILLY BROADWAY.

Justice Now Hot on the Trail of Young Criminals Who Play Ball.



MR. BROADWAY.

The longest step we have taken in the direction of edification since Dr. Parkhurst qualified as a leopros expert. It is whispered that William Transverse is learning to smoke cigars, but we cannot give the rumor credence. Why, he won't even smoke up on the McAuliffe case.

"But what I want to get at is that the juvenile baseball criminals in the borough of the Bronx have been brought into collision with the law. I can't case out a more dangerous, immoral, degenerating habit than playing ball on Sunday."

"Look what the bearded ruffians do. With their destructive bats over their shoulders and their morals-destroying baseballs in their pockets they go away out on the outskirts of the city, where nobody can hear them. The silliness of the Sabbath air is disturbed by their soulless cries."

"They whoop and yell and run and fill their lungs with fresh air and expand their muscles. They roll on the grass and bathe in the sunshine. And when darkness comes they go home, eat a 'longshoreman's dinner and then sleep like a hired man on the Fifth of July."

"It is indeed a tribute to our level-headed, calm, reversible, twisted, riveted, exploded administration that the police have been instructed to take these Sunday law-breakers into custody. Instead of playing ball out in the open air they ought to be in a lively stable shooting craps in a fumer yard drinking beer out of a can, or in the back room of a Baines law hotel soaking up booze that would blow a safe. Thank goodness, we shall soon see them doing these things."

"Speaking of hitting the Sabbath in the solar plexus reminds me that the Sunday laws are being vigorously enforced. Two Sundays ago a man couldn't buy a bunch of asparagus for his dinner above Fourteenth street, and all the pawnshops on the Bowery were open. A woman on the upper west side couldn't get a bottle of milk for a sick baby, and in Chinatown you could buy anything from a pair of straw sandals or a bag of lyebe nuts to a fistful of opium."

THE PASSING OF WARSHIPS.

A short time ago—their keels were laid only a little over ten years ago—the cruisers Columbia and Minneapolis were regarded as the pride of the navy. The Columbia made a trip across the Atlantic to show that she would be able to overhaul fast Atlantic liners. The Minneapolis is the only warship, outside the torpedo fleet, that has shown a speed in excess of twenty-three knots. Now the Minneapolis is to be used as a receiving ship. The Columbia having been used for similar purposes for some time, says the Troy Record. These ships cost nearly \$2,000,000, but their present disposition shows how soon the modern warship gets out of date. Still, it is more economical for the Navy Department to use them in this manner, for both are expensive ships to own.